UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1915. NUMBER 17

NONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF.

Say not, "It matters not to me:
My brother's weal is HIS behoof!"
For, in this wondrous human web,
If your life's warp, his life is woof.
Woven all together are the threads,
And you and he are in one loom:
For good or ill, for glad or sad,
Your lives must share one common doom.

Then let the daily shuttle glide,
Wound full with threads of kindly care,
That life's increasing length may be
Not only strongly wrought, but fair,
So, from the stuff of each new day,
The loving hand of Time shall make
Garments of joy and peace for all;
And human hearts shall cease to ache.

—Minot J. Savage.

The Professors of the South Wales Baptist College has just completed a new translation of the New Testament, presumably to better sustain the contentions of the Baptisers. The *Christian Life,* published in London, suggests that, perhaps, the good Doctor "might have employed his scant leisure to some more useful purpose."

Those interested in the "Billy Sunday" controversy will find an incisive bit of analysis in a recent little tract prepared by the Rev. Charles W. Wendte of Boston, in which the teachings of Jesus and the preachings of Billy Sunday are set forth in striking contrast. These eight counts are strictly limited to the words of the New Testament paralleled by the words of Sunday gathered from creditable reports. It is a striking case, and effective. "Look on that picture!—and then on this!"

A writer in the *Advance* is distressed because the "Bohemian Free Thinking Societies" have engaged the great Auditorium Theatre of Chicago for July 6 for the purpose of celebrating the semi-millenial anniversary of the burning of John Huss at Constance. He accuses these Societies of "stealing" John Huss, of "making use of his heroic protestantism in the interest of free thinking and infidelity." "Free thinking has been bought at a great price and "free thinking" is yet in need of being propagated. Let us rejoice in any and every movement that will tend to rebuke dogmatism, dispel bigotry, liberate minds and widen the bonds of human fellowship by the help of this noble martyr who was carried to his burning by these fell forces.

A contributor to the *Congregationalist* hits the nail on the head when he says the real white man under the burdens of the world is not necessarily the man with the white skin, but the man with the white heart, that

"There is a white man who blusters and boasts of his superiority, and is an offense wherever he goes. There is a white man who beats down the weak and excuses his conquest and crimes on the ground that his is 'the paramount nation.' 'No doubt you have found,' said President Wilson in his speech to the naturalized citizens of Philadelphia, 'that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and right purpose, as it does everywhere else in the world.' That is the white nation, 'the nation,' as he added, 'so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.' The other kind of white man is likely to make more burdens than he bears. His selfishness sends him forth looking for a people upon whom he can levy tribute, a people whom he can compel to bear his burdens. His superiority is a means of conquest, not of uplift.

"To repeat: The only man who can be trusted to bear the burdens of the world is the man with a white soul and the purpose of the Christ who came to save us all."

The couplet that will not let go of our mind in the remarkable poem on "Goethals," which occupied the place of honor in our "Panama" issue, is this:

"A man stood up in Panama
And the mountains stood aside."

Next in its power to grip the mind is this, taken from the next stanza:

"And the one who made the Isthmus,
He made the engineer."

Somewhere and sometime, a "man" will stand up in the "Panama" of discord and bloodshed, and the "mountains" of militancy will stand aside, and the oceans, so long separated, will lift the "eternal tide." There are difficulties, many of them, representing "the reek of fevered ages," rising from the "poisoned jungle" of ignorance and prejudice and conceit, the false glamour of "national honor" and "vital interest." But tribes of men will be lead towards peace by "prophet engineers," more providentially inspired than "Goethals and his crew."

In the face of what seems like a reaction in many northern cities on the color question, a polite acceptance on the part of the would-be elite of that dogma of the permanent inferiority of races, "insurmount-

able difficulties," etc., etc., it is a refreshment to read of the Douglass School in Cincinnati, with its model school building, seventeen large, well ventilated school rooms, a large kitchen, lunch room, model dining-room, laundry, bath room, gymnasium and auditorium. The majority of its teachers are graduates of the University of Cincinnati; the Principal operates an incubator (many colored people in that section keep a few chickens and any child can bring a few eggs and at the end of a few weeks carry back as many chickens, if they are hatched); there are home gardens, prize-winning pages decorate the walls, canning is taught in connection with gardening; three thousand volumes are on the shelves in the branch of the City Public Library in use; an evening school is managed with four hundred adults as scholars, ranging in age from sixteen to seventy-two; and the building is a community center, the home of many clubs, a penny savings bank, a penny lunch association, literary club and many more,—and all this for, by and with colored people. The only way to stay in the camp of the reactionists and pessimists concerning race problems is to keep one's eyes shut.

The June number of the *Review of Reviews* is painfully loaded with interesting and efficient militant news, besides much informing comment under the head of "The Progress of the World." There are interesting studies of the situation as witnessed in Germany and France, studies of German submarines, of war contracts in the United States, of Italy and Austria and, perhaps, most distressingly interesting of all, studies of the Krupp model town and of the Krupp steel works, which give some of the latest triumphs of this horribly successful business. We learn that the hitherto ordinary business of the Krupp institution in manufacturing railroad equipments and motor cars and other steel products of peace has been suspended that the wicked work of making cannon may go on. We are told that "the cannon makers work in night and day shifts under tremendous war pressure" and that "Busy Berthas" are being prolifically produced. Note the name! A popular gun bearing the name of a woman! The great masterpiece of this feminized shop is said to be the 16-inch monster weighing forty tons, which throws its projectile, weighing twenty-six hundred pounds, twelve miles. Each man-hunting shot costs the German Government $970. Still there are those who think that these are necessary instruments of patriotism and with them "national honor" and "vital interests" are protected. To state it is to refute the horrible travesty on common sense and justice, to say nothing of the Christianity that Germany, in common with Europe and America, is boastful of.

Is The Church Disintegrating?

The last book that has come to our table is written by the very well known and trusted writer and magazine author, George Kibbe Turner. He calls it "The Last Christian." It is a book written with astounding frankness, a book that must startle literary men and the literary world, for he has boldly invaded the territory that is supposed to be the peculiar right of theological students and academic interpreters of the New Testament. In this book, thrown into story form, the author portrays the slow decadence, disintegration and final death of the typical "Big White Church" in a New England village. "The Last Christian" in the book is the faithful, devoted, scholarly, stalwart pastor of this big White Church, who through thirty years of ministry had kept true to his ordination vows as he understood them and held firmly to the foundations of the Christian Church as written down in his creed. He saw the church disintegrating under his hand. Young men were going off to college never again to return to the fellowship. Women whose hearts were breaking from the sorrows of life and finding no comfort in the grim fidelity of the noble preacher whom they honored but could not follow, turned aside to find consolation and a little comfort in Christian Science, or in some other scheme of salvation. At last the church became so weakened that not even a coat of paint, changing the old historic white church into a gloomy brown, or a season of revival under one of the Billy Sunday type, could save it. Yet the old pastor lived long enough to see his church sold for an Odd Fellows' Hall and the remnant of its membership united with a neighboring congregation, whose pastor greatly tried the old man because of his proclivity to quote Browning.

This is the "Last Christian" of the old type, and the author, this man of the magazines, this journalist, has ventured to enter into the realm of the heretofore supposedly peculiar province of the preacher, to expose what he calls the unquestioned fact of the disintegration of the creeds, the inadequacy of Christianity as represented by the traditional church, or churches. Notwithstanding the claims of secretaries and the mission boards, notwithstanding the annual array of categorical facts, Mr. Turner in this book is dealing with the situation as it is. And the question comes, is this the fate of Christianity, and is this after two thousand years, the end of the influence and power of the man of Nazareth?

Christianity, as interpreted by the words, conventionally understood "total depravity," "salvation," "damnation," "redemption," "special revelation," "infallible Bible," "Trinity," a redeeming Son of God purchasing the salvation of a few of his children by his blood, an adequate atonement on Calvary, is not

being sustained by the thinking of the Twentieth Century, is not being reinforced by the academic world. These things do not appeal to the hearts of earth's noblest and bravest today. To many people, the Christ of the creeds has gone and is going to go more. The church with its claim of divine partiality, an institution divinely established on earth, of whatever name or label, is also passing out of life. There is a vanishing Christ today. There is a dying church today. Jesus, the miraculous savior of men, is losing his potency. Is there a Jesus, the helper of men, who is to abide? We believe that there is a Jesus who abides increasingly in the hearts of men, and that his message and his mission is yet to come to its superlative power and its supreme efficiency. But this Jesus who abides, whatever else he is, is not a substitute for intellectual integrity. He does not give to men and women a furlough for the intellect. He does not relieve us from the responsibility of thinking, for whatever the achievements of the intellect may be, whatever the accumulations of knowledge may be, they come to stay and the Christ that stands in the way of these must get out of the way,—he is passing. Neither does he come as a substitute for man's spiritual integrity. The Christ that is an excuse or apology for duties ignored, or for responsibility unassumed, either of wealth, heart or brain, has got to go by the verdict of science, according to the accumulated testimony of the wise. Then again, the Jesus that was "peculiar," "exceptional," a unique teacher, unlike and unrelated to all other teachers, has got to go, and religion founded in his name can not always make good its claim to exclusive possession of truth or virtue. It has no patent rights, not even to the "Golden Rule," no exclusive claim to the loftiest idealism of the Sermon on the Mount. Says Max Mueller, one of the wisest and most comprehensive students of religion, "If there is any religion that does not teach one to be good, not bad; to be honest, not deceitful, I do not know it."

It is now more than a twice told tale that there is no precept in the New Testament, no teaching however lofty, but can be matched by the intelligent student in other Bibles. So it is not by virtue of any unique teaching, not even by virtue of any unique doing, that Jesus abides today.

The creeds have long since taken shelter behind the bulwarks of New Testament miracle, and they have fallen back upon that as the final testimony and witness. But we know that if the credentials of other teachers are dependent upon miracle they can outdo ours. The New Testament miracles are meagre, commonplace and inadequate compared to the mighty wonders that have been the traditions of the literature of the farthest East. Indeed, post-Biblical miracles, the miracles of the early centuries and middle ages render the miracles of the New Testament tame and commonplace. It is easy to prove that the belief in miracle is weakening and does not hold in the mind of the wisest students of religious history. And still there is something in the Jesus of the New Testament that does abide, not in his wonder working, not in his works, not in the doctrines he taught, not in the teaching that you can catalogue, and yet snatches of the record, read without comment, lead us into the presence of an unexhausted potency, touch us with a sense of a powerful personality: "Jesus wept," "He looked upon Peter," "Suffer the little children to come unto me," "Then Jesus, beholding him (the rich young man), loved him," "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," "He went about doing good," "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God," "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," "Behold the man!" said Pilate in the trial hour. Ponder these quotations picked up hit or miss out of the record and what do we have? That which has burned its way through the Christianity of nineteen centuries; that which has humiliated and abashed conqueror, capitalist and the captain of labor in all generations; that which has touched with comfort, power and consolation, the bruised and the broken, the homeless and the discouraged; that which has burst the bonds of bigotry; that which has climbed over the highest fence that ecclesiasticism could build or ever did build; that which has broken the power of ecclesiastic forms and ceremonies; that which has made popes and cardinals, and bishops and elders and deacons look small and mean and unnecessary except as they moved along the heavenly lines indicated by these quotations. The "weeping" Jesus, the one whose look brought the impulsive Peter to himself and shamed him. He who brushed aside the officious desciples, and though dust-covered, road-weary and thirsty, said, let the children come to me, I like them. He who, in the face of conventional morality, the unctuous prudery of those who gathered their robes around them lest they be contaminated by the touch of the sinful, said, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone." Woman, where are your accusers? I have no accusing word, go and do better. The Jesus who abides is a great contagious, pervasive, loving, human heart. The Jesus who abides is a brave, independent, peasant thinker. We dislike the words but if we talk about social uplifters, reformers, humanitarian leaders, high above all your reformers, poets and prophets of the common people, write the name of the Carpenter's Son. He anticipated their independence and he went farther than they in his courage, in laying hold of the hopeless and in pleading the case of the unfortunate. Jesus was and is the Master of Men because he represented in himself a masterful leader and the masterful resources of hu-

manity. Approach the story on these lines, survey the ground from this standpoint and how poor and insignificant and uninteresting are the theological refinements about the "Trinity" and the "Savior" and all that.

> "Draw if thou canst the mystic line
> Severing rightly his from thine
> Which is human which divine."

"I and my Father are one," in this sense and Jesus, in his tenderness, prayed that "They all might be one with Thee even as I am one with Thee."

All this is true of the Jesus who abides in the hearts of men. The lover of man, the helper of man, the friend of the poor, and the friend of the wealthy, for he looked on the man with great possessions and loved him.

And once more, one last assurance comes. We dare claim him as the first and greatest cosmopolitan, the first and greatest universalist, not the theological universalist who expects to enjoy the future up yonder, but the universalist of the inclusive heart and the inclusive sympathy. The man whose gospel touched the Samaritan and kindled in the heart of Paul the mighty movement we call Christianity, the latest and perhaps most unique, if not the only unique characteristic of which is that it has over-reached all the other religions of the world in its inclusiveness.

Pile up the accusations against formal Christianity, render scholastic the charges of Mr. Turner, there still remains the fact that Christianity in its priestly and most technical form, has been the greatest democratic achievement of the race. The democracy of Rome outreaches the highest claim of any democratic government in history, not so much by what it teaches as by what it is. The greatest language college in the world is the College of the Propaganda in Rome where many languages are taught for propaganda purposes, not as studies in philology, but studies in missionary efficiency. Men go there that they may be able to carry the message to the islands of the seas, the message of love and salvation as they understand it, in the language of that island.

Now we begin to see, do we not, why John Fiske said only a little time before he died, that all his work in the study of evolution, that ponderous two volume work on cosmic philosophy, all his work on American history, that valiant shelf of books that detail Puritanism and the various phases of pre-revolutionary days, and then the series that interpreted the era of human history during our own rebellion; all this he says was but practice work. He was training himself for the great *magnum opus* that he hoped to give to the world and that was a study of Jesus of Nazareth and the beginnings of Christianity. He died with his work undone. We may wait long before we find a man so gifted by nature and so prepared by study and so disciplined by practice as John Fiske to write the story of the Nazarene. When he comes he will snatch that personality out of the grasp of popes and bishops. When he comes he will show how petty and small and impious are the claims of boasted ecclesiastical history. There is no ecclesiastical history. There is *history* and when history is written then the great spiritual lights of the world, the great religious movements of the world, will take their place where they belong. They belong in the forefront and the combinations of war, the demoralizing limitations and dividing lines made with human blood will be retired into the background. That history will never be written except by one liberated as John Fiske was, one whose faith has outgrown the "Big White Church" of the New England village of the story, one who is prepared to understand and appreciate the dear old pastor who went down, disappointed and dismayed, because he saw the ruin of all he thought was sacred. John Fiske would make great and commanding and abiding the message and would place the emphasis upon what at this time is growing to be seen as the crowning triumph of Jesus, that superlative message of Jesus, the unchallenged message of Jesus. Under adverse circumstances, taking full account of the intensity and narrowness of the stream that produced him, remembering the turbulent life about him, when he broke through nationalism, partisanship, priestliness, and declared for the befriender of the man who had fallen among thieves, though a Samaritan, he declared a cosmopolitanism.

LIFE.

By one great Heart the Universe is stirred:
By Its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
And thrills through low, sweet song of every bird.

By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins;
Joy feels that heart against his rapturous own,
And on It, Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan:
It bounds through gladnesses and deepest pains.

Passionless, beating through all Time and Space,
Relentless, calm, majestic in Its march,
Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch,
Or man's heart break, because of some dead face!

'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling, as in mother's tears;
And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
Men's hungry souls have named that great Heart, God!

Margaret Deland.

In "The Old Garden."

WILLIAM JAMES

As He May Be Known By Those Who Never Met Him

By EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL

When such a master of life as William James passes from the companionship of men into the unseen, it is an impatient world that scans the publishers' lists for the announcement of his biography. With biography as his own favorite reading, he cannot reproach us for our clamoring. We who never met him hunger to fill in the background of those Harvard years, fill them in with his full, generous life. William James always made men love him, even those who only met him in his books, and now that no more books appear and all the old ones are reread, hearts are beginning to feel new hungers.

It is from no trivial or morbid curiosity, but from admiration and love, that we ask the tale of his days. We want to know the struggles and fun of the early years, the friends he counted on, the letters that he wrote to them, the kind of husband and father he was in the home, how he met the misunderstanding of some of his friends, and how he bore the pain of his own "unlucky heart" within. Principles of psychology, varieties of religious experience, his meaning of truth, problems of philosophy and even pragmatism, become easier to understand when this human data is in our hands and minds. It is good news to learn that his son Henry is at work on a biography, but our impatience will not wait. The following story is what one lover of James has sought out for himself; it has been carefully gathered from data open to all, and the life which it has left in the mind splendidly rewarded the search.

Our task is a simple one but not an easy one. Apart from the unusual number of obituary notices which were written during the last months of 1910 in all kinds of periodicals, his books are lighted in many places with biographical material. All who seek will find stray allusions and reminiscences, which not only give concrete illustration to the points with which he was dealing, but which were as chinks in the formal wall of the teacher, through which every student saw the man. The frank nature of William James, and his love for the individual and the concrete, caused him again and again to choose from his immediate environment and the things which he knew best, the many illustrations of his thought. Let us notice a few such stories. In the chapter on Perception in the "Briefer Psychology," he wishes to illustrate mistakes in the sense of hearing.

"The other day a friend of mine was sitting in my room, when the clock, which has a rich, low chime, began to strike. 'Hollo,' said he, 'Hear that hand organ in the garden,' and was surprised to find the real source of the sound."

Then, as if another illustration and a more personal one were needed, he continues immediately:

"Sitting reading, late one night, I suddenly heard a most formidable noise from the upper part of the house, which it seemed to fill. It ceased and in a moment renewed itself. I went into the hall to listen, but it came no more. Resuming my seat in the room, however, there it was again, low, mighty, alarming, like a rising flood or the *avant-courier* of an awful gale. It came from all space. Quite startled, I again went to the hall, but it had already ceased once more. On returning a second time to the room, I discovered that it was nothing more than the breathing of a little Scotch terrier which lay asleep on the floor."

This is the manner in which the man leaks into all his lectures. When he wants to illustrate the illusions of sight, he goes past the stock stories of the textbooks and tells the following:

"I was lying in my berth in a steamer listening to the sailors 'at their devotions with the holy stones' outside, when on turning my eyes to the window, I perceived with perfect distinctness that the chief-engineer of the vessel had entered my state room and was standing looking through the window at the men at work on the gaurds. Surprised at his intrusion and also at his intentness and immobility, I remained watching him and wondering how long he would stand thus. At last I spoke but getting no reply, sat up in my berth, and then saw that what I had taken for the engineer was my own cap and coat hanging on a peg beside the window."

Before sketching a biographical chronology of his life, let us quote a few more of the many biographical passages in his works. They will all help to introduce us to the man whom we never met. In his essay on "Final Impressions of a Psychical Researcher," he tells a characteristic story which enemies may pounce upon as showing how early he began the sinful practice of pragmatism. He writes:

"In the early days of the Sanders Theatre at Harvard, I once had charge of a heart, on the physiology of which Prof. Newell Martin was giving a popular lecture. This heart, which belonged to a turtle, supported an index straw which threw a moving shadow greatly enlarged upon the screen, while the heart pulsated. When certain nerves were stimulated, the lecturer said, the heart would act in certain ways, which he described. But the poor heart was too far gone, and though it stopped duly, when the nerve of arrest was excited, that was the final end of its life's tether. Presiding over the performance, I was terrified at the fiasco, and found myself suddenly acting like one of these military geniuses who on the field of battle convert disaster into victory. There was no time for deliberation, so with my forefinger under a part of the straw that cast no shadow, I found myself impulsively and automatically imitating the rhythmical movements which my colleagues had prophesied the heart would undergo. I kept the experiment from failing and not only saved my colleague,—and the turtle,—from a humiliation, that, but for my presence of mind would have been their lot, but I established in the audience the true view of the subject. The lecturer was stating this, and the mis-conduct of one half dead specimen of heart ought not to destroy the impression of his words. 'There is no worse lie than a truth misunderstood,' is a maxim which I have heard ascribed to a former President of Harvard."

So the autobiography is unconsciously woven. Seek and ye shall find. Proof-readers' illusion reminds him of the time when in Boston he looked for a "Mount Auburn" car to bring him to Cambridge, and boarding instead a "North Avenue" car, though he "read most distinctly" the name he wanted on the signboard where it was *not* painted. A visit to Buffalo, and a little boy's remark on seeing Niagara for the first time, gives him an illustration for one of his "Talks to Teachers" on the many types of apperception. In the introduction to this last mentioned and deservedly popular book, he gives his reason for so filling his books with these stories. "I have found by experience," he writes, "that what my hearers seem least to relish is analytical technicality and what they most care for is concrete illustration. So I have gradually weeded out the former and left the latter unreduced." It might have seemed more scientific and formal to have weeded out the latter, but now that he only teaches in the class-room of his books, his students are glad for every personal note.

Let us now begin at the first birthday away back in 1842 and see what kind of a biography is already

in the possession of those who only have books and periodicals as their means of knowing him. He was born in New York City on the eleventh day of that New Year. His father was the Rev. Henry James, a Swedenborgian minister, and William was their first boy. He seems to have been named after his grandfather William, who came to Albany from Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is this Irish immigrant that we must doubtless thank for the delightful humor which was never absent from the conversation and lectures of the grandson. His mother was one Mary Welsh. A friend who knew her has written that she was a great power in the home, quiet in temperament and manner, beloved of all and holding all together, This same friend, who was a fellow medical student with James, gives us an insight into the home. "His father, his mother and his sister were then living and at home, and one or another of his brothers were usually there. My memory of this house and each of its occupants is a memory warm and mellow with half pictured scenes of gayety, kindliness and charm. William, the oldest, was very much like his father in feature, in manner and in mind, and his father was an excellent person to be like. A peculiarity of both was the habit of delaying speech for an instant, while the mind was working and the telling sentence was framing itself for utterance—a brief interval during which the lips would gather slightly, as for a sort of smile, and the eyes and face take on an indescribable charm. Then would burst forth one of those longer or shorter epigrammatic or aphoristic sayings which all their friends recall so well." It may be well to remind ourselves at this point that these sayings could be fearful as well as delightful. When Prof. Royce gave his greeting to James, at the dinner given in honor of the completion of James's portrait for Harvard walls, he confesses that for years he used to tremble at the thought that James might perhaps some day find reason, while contending with him, to "put me in my place with one of those wonderful lightning like epigrams, wherewith he was and is always able to characterize those opponents whose worldly position is such as to make them no longer in danger of getting a fair hearing and whose self-assurance has relieved him of the duty to secure for them a sympathetic attention." Life in the Quincy Street home has not found its way to us in any large pictures as yet. It was doubtless here that he began to feel those "juvenile emotions" for Scotch philosophers that he makes reference to in his Gifford Lectures, and perhaps also it was here that the youthful student began to read Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," to which experience he refers in his paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* in July, 1904. He says that he read it as it appeared in numbers and was carried away with enthusiasm until his maturer friend, Charles S. Pierce, attacked it and made James feel spiritually wounded. One short passage in his lectures on "The Varieties of Religious Experience" mentions one of the memories of these early days. The Boston newspaper had come for the evening, and the elder James read from it the following sections from the will of a Scotch lord, recently deceased, Adam Gifford. The will provided for a lecture trust to be given through the four Scotch universities, some $400,000 being put aside for the purpose. The will was unusual in that it made clear that the lecturers were in no case to be excluded because of ecclesiastical connections. "They may be of any religion or way of thinking, or—as is sometimes said —they may be of no religion, or they may be called sceptics, agnostics or free-thinkers. The knowledge of God . . . and of the relations which men and the whole universe bear him, the knowledge of nature and the foundation of ethics and morals," are in every instance to be interpreted in the light of the fullest and freest research. Little did the youth who thus heard his father read this from the paper imagine that one day he would be one of those Gifford lecturers and one of the most famous. When he delivered those lectures he referred back to the day when first he heard the name of Lord Gifford.

His schooling was one of the most irregular things in his life. By the time he was fourteen years of age he went abroad with his father and studied with tutors at London and Paris. A year or two later,—that is, during 1857-8,—he was at the College of Boulogne, and at the University of Geneva in 1859. While there must have been certain very real losses from the irregular character of this education, one thing at least, which was of no small importance in his later life, was the direct result of this temporary stay abroad, this was his knowledge of European tongues, especially of French. This he could speak and write fluently. More than the average scholar, he kept up with his French, and even wrote reviews for the *La Critique Philosophique* of his friend Charles Renouvier. A very slight acquaintance with the works of Prof. James will show how much he was indebted to his French. Large numbers of French authors were made to contribute to his books, and we notice that when he did not have an English copy of an English work by him, he was just as apt to have a French translation. This is what happened when he quoted from the experience of that veteran Chinese missionary, Hudson Taylor. His footnote is: "I translate back into English from the French translation of Challand, the original not being accessible." But his French equipment was the beginning of that knowledge, or rather the possession of the key which, in later years, opened Bergson's door to him and through him to so large a number of English speaking peoples. Would he have opened Bergson so soon or seen "the new horizons loom on every page," and found it not the foreign book to plod through with dictionary in hand, but like "the breath of morning and the song of birds," if he had not in his seventeenth year not only learned his schoolboy French, but had gone there to speak it and hear it alive on many tongues?

In the year 1860 this many sided man almost escaped from science to spend his days with art. For about a year, when he was eighteen, he studied painting with William M. Hunt at Newport, R. I. He had a strong instinct in him to devote himself, it is said, to the life of an artist. While working under Mr. Hunt he made the friendship of John LaFarge, a friendship which continued over the long years. But for some reason he gave up painting and allowed his talent to pass from him, though he seems to have always been a ready pencil man for line drawings, a readiness which Agassiz found very useful in him, when James went with him to Brazil.

At the age of nineteen we find him with his face definitely toward natural science. At this time he entered the Lawrence Scientific School and continued there as a student of chemistry and anatomy for two years under that delightful teacher, Prof. Jeffries Wyman. At the end of this period, in 1863, he entered the Harvard Medical School, which at that time was on North Grove Street. But even here irregularity entered into his education and his course of study was frequently interrupted. He wished to take a doctor's degree, but refused to confine himself to that line of study. In April, 1865, after having been two years in Harvard, he joined the Thayer expedition to Brazil, which went up the Amazon under Louis Agassiz, and there he remained for about a year. One of the more romantic parts of the coming James biography should concern this period, for James had a nature which responded very easily to this kind of life. In an address which he gave thirty-one years afterward at the reception of the American Society of Naturalists, which can be found in one of the volumes of essays recently issued by his son Henry, he told of his admiration for the man who awakened his scientific enthusiasm during this long river journey.

"He was a splendid example," he writes, "of the temperament which looks forward and not backward, and never wastes a moment in regrets for the irrevocable. I had the pleasure of admission into his society during the Thayer Expedition to Brazil. I well remember at night as we all swung in our hammocks in the fairy like moonlight, on the deck of the steamer that throbbed its way up the Amazon, between the forests which guarded the stream on either side, how he turned and whispered, 'James, are you awake?' and continued, 'I cannot sleep. I am too happy. I keep thinking of these glorious plans.' The plans contemplated following the Amazon to its headwaters, and penetrating the Andes to Peru. And yet, when he arrived at the Peruvian frontier, and learned that that country had broken into revolution, that his letters to officials would be useless, and that that part of the project must be given up, although he was bitterly chagrined and excited for part of an hour, when the hour was passed over, it seemed as if he had quite forgotten the disappointment, so enthusiastically was he occupied already with a new scheme substituted by his active mind."

If James had any love for the concrete at that age, as he so strongly possessed at later years, he must have found a very congenial friend in Agassiz. "Often on that expedition," he writes, "I put questions to him about the facts of our new habitat, but I doubt whether he ever answered one of these questions of mine outright. He always said, 'There, you see, you have a definite problem. Go and look and find the answer for yourself.'" He adds that "his severity along this line was a living rebuke to all abstractionists and would-be biological philosophers." James returned to Harvard in 1866, but again not for long. His medical studies were to be interrupted that winter, and in 1867 we find him studying physiology at Berlin in Germany. These breaks seem to have been partly due to his ill-health and partly to his variety of interests. He never seemed to enjoy perfunctory work, but allowed, as Ralph Barton Perry says, in one number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, "his natural capacities to develop freely and his activties to be governed by his aptitudes." After this winter abroad he comes back to finish his studies at the medical school, which are to be interrupted again by work with Agassiz in the study of Comparative Zoology in the Harvard Museum. Perhaps some of the stories to which he makes reference in the address above mentioned were more personal than James makes them to appear. This old "teacher," as he preferred to be called, who said that he had "no time for making money," certainly knew how to make students and men. Did Agassiz lock James up in a room full of turtle shells and lobster shells, without a book or word to help him, and not let him out until he had discovered all the truths which the objects contained? That is one story of his from those Museum days. The only man that Agassiz really loved and had use for, says James, was the man who could bring him facts. "'Mr. Blank, you are totally uneducated!' I heard him once say to a student who had propounded to him some glittering theoretic generality. And on similar occasion he gave an admonition which must have sunk deep into the heart of the student to whom it was addressed. 'Mr. X, some people now consider you a bright young man, but when you are fifty years old, if they ever speak of you then, what they will say will be this: "That X. Oh, yes; I know him. He used to be a very bright young man." 'We cannot all escape from being abstractionists,' says James. 'I, myself, have never been able to escape, but the hours that I spent with Agassiz so taught me the difference between all possible abstractionists and all livers in the light of the world's concrete fullness, that I have never been able to forget it.'"

Only one picture of those days at the Medical School have we been able to find, and that by his friend James Jackson Putman, written some months ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, an article, by the way, which we have called upon considerably for this paper. We quote this as one of the many examples of his generous nature. "My first meeting with William James," says Mr. Putman, "was in 1866 at the Harvard Medical School, and in thinking of him there, I am reminded of the old dissecting room in the basement of that building, where the students gathered every afternoon to recite and listen to the demonstrator in anatomy. Perhaps I can recall this with special distinctness because James congratulated me on having made a good recitation, but I was greatly impressed at once with the frankness of his expression, the generosity of his manner and the peculiarly attractive quality of his voice. There must be few of his friends that have not felt that same glow that I felt that day, at the sound of his ever ready and welcome words of praise." *(To be continued)*

GOOD-BY, SWEET DAY

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!
I have so loved thee, but I cannot hold thee.
Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee;
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away:
Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!
Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendor,
Sadly thou yieldest to the evening tender
Who wert so fair from thy first morning ray;
Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!
Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glances,
Vanish at last, and solemn night advances;
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay!
Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!
All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's smouldering embers
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray.
Good-by, sweet day!

—Celia Thaxter.

My Library—No. XXVIII.

Says Mr. William D. Howells in his autobiographical volume, "My Literary Passions," "Always I read for pleasure, for the delight of knowing something more." In a large measure, this answers the question why I have been so interested in books, either for reading or for seeing. I have always felt the need of knowing more, ever since I first looked into my old Comstock Philosophy and there found definite information respecting the commonplace matters of my daily life. As I advanced into active responsible work, where not alone the prosperity of my own self was at stake, but the immeasurable needs of many others had to be exactly met, the simple craving for accurate knowledge and clarity of judgment and poise of will became insupportable, except I gratified it by daily, almost hourly, endeavor to secure these in such measure as would best prepare me for my responsibilities. That I have been faithful here, is one of the highest gratifications of my whole life.

But these practical considerations have by no means been all that has led me to the purchasing and reading of books, old or new. Underneath and through them all, there has always been a love for the companionship that books, and books alone, can afford, a companionship at once readily available, one that is as permanent as one desires, as useful as one has the wish to make it and as sweet and pleasurable as one's heart determines. Undoubtedly, I would have liked choice human companionship better, as the extent to which I have been so favored convincingly shows. Nothing on earth is like the grasp of a hand, the sound of a voice, or the actual presence that thrills and inspires and makes one feel at home in this world; but the human personality is hard to reach, is evanescent and capricious, and may grow entirely out of harmony, unexpectedly. The pity is, that one must go through life with so little of genial human companionship, when so much is needed!

So it is largely to books, that the aspiring, the growing, the ever-hoping human spirit must commonly go, for what it needs and for response to what it loves. Books endure as long as Time, are always the same, are quickly available, give back more than is taken to them, and bid one to renewal of association whenever one pleases. You can take them with you everyhere, too, give them attention or not, and always find them ready for your company upon instant solicitation. A few of them is sufficient to convert the meanest, or lonesomest, or strangest, temporary residence into your own fireside almost, and at will. The companionship of books, so far as it can go, is never a disappointment. As a substitute for the living spirit, a book from one's own shelves has no counterpart.

But I suppose there is something deeper even than this, that has led me all my life to take to books. They have been useful and companionable in almost every conceivable way, I know. For this I am grateful. They have been something else, too, for which I am even more grateful. They have been objects of love, a love as pure, as strong, as far-reaching, as satisfying, in many respects, as any that has ever awakened in me. Not, of course, the love of man for woman, friend for friend, or for God. The love of books is different, yet of the same tenor, probably. I only know that it is a fact, a worthy, comforting, uplifting, soul-satisfying fact, that I would exalt duly and be grateful for, world without end. For after all, it has been to my love of books and what I found in them that I am most indebted for the satisfactions that have come from my buying, possessing, reading, talking about, and now, last but not least, writing about them. My Library has been a perpetual feast for the yearning within; and as I have seen it grow larger and more select, I have found myself becoming correspondingly gratified, and grateful. It seems now as if I could not have become myself fully, without its unostentatious but discriminating help. On it I have lived dynamically, because of it I have expanded into the probable fullness of my individual stature. The Voice of My Lord has not been heard in the whirlwind, but in the sweet puissant melodies of my books, and the responding harmonies they have called up in my nature. In these harmonies I have sometimes seemed to be in truth at one with the music of every sphere. With this has come often the greater significance of both Time and Eternity!

I have sometimes been questioned as to the real good of so many books and so much reading of them. To me the real good has not been after all their use or their companionship or my love for them. It is, that I have lived in their presence, been receptive to their innermost offerings, have felt the transmission to my spirit of the spirits imprisoned within them, and have seen myself responding to them in kind, and expanding in every direction that I have most needed. It has been as if in their presence my soul were laid bare, and their very souls were in turn glad to touch mine in happy unison. Together it seems we have struggled with our problems, won our victories, and shared our satisfactions. At least I cannot gainsay this personalization of their influence, and—would not if I could. For with them I have been honest, tractable, recipient, reverent and devoted to the utmost truth, so far as in me lay. What life could have been without them, I cannot guess; what the future could be without the probability of their entering into it also, I cannot imagine. Like Ruth to Naomi: Whither thou goest, I will go! and where thou lodgest, I will lodge—My Library and I, in spirit at least, in every land near and far.

And as this spirit has come to abide with me, so will it be transmitted through me unto many another. The light of poetry, and art, and religion, and science, and philosophy, cannot be selfishly appropriated and hid away from everyone else. It shines through the possessor, often with a radiance increased many fold. Every hand he touches, every smile, note, action, thought, or feeling, reveals his illumination to everyone not spiritually blind. And, if there were no other worthy purpose in reading, this ought to be indubitable: that the reader is thus made more radiant of the better energies in the midst of his fellows. Reading helps the reader; through the reader, it helps the brother; through the brother, all the world is additionally helped. The endless chain is never broken; the cruse can never be empty. Joy upon joy, beneficence upon beneficence, expectancy upon expectancy, life upon life! and the universe is encircled with it all, and the little book that was the source of it, is yours for the asking!

SMITH BAKER.

Utica, N. Y.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIX.
Resurrection

"O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" I. Cor. xv:55.

This is not a lesson for those who wish to believe that the New Testament is the inspired word of God, infallible, adequate, conclusive and final. Rather, it is a lesson indicating the conclusions of scholars and students of the New Testament in all the denominations where scholarship is allowed to be free, which conclusions are denied only by those denominations and schools where the interpretation of the priest is final and the dictum of the church and vote of councils conclusive.

First, what are the documentary facts of the resurrection? What is written, and what is the ground for belief in them? The time is gone by when our faith can be affected by mere textual criticism which aims to decide the original meaning of the writer of any given text and to take it as authoritative. Higher criticism would go farther back and ask how did the text come, how related to other texts and what about its credibility as an historic document? From this standpoint we are to consider the Resurrection.

Many attempts have been made to harmonize the four accounts contained in the closing verses of Mark, Matthew, Luke and John. Blessed saints of the centuries gone by grew gray and blind trying to make the four tell the same story. Looking into the four accounts, we will find that they do not agree except that there was a reappearance, the details of which are widely divergent. We will remember that Mark compiled his account forty or fifty years after the alleged event, Matthew perhaps twenty years after that, and Luke in another ten or twelve years.

The very earliest teaching on the Resurrection is in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, the fifteenth chapter, written in round numbers thirty years after the event, twenty years before the writing of Mark, maybe written in Ephesus. This is the way it seemed to Paul, who had never seen Jesus, confessed he did not care much about the disciples and boasted that he was not an eye witness.

"Next, Brothers, I would remind you of the Good News which I told you, and which you received—the Good News on which you have taken your stand, and by means of which you are being saved. . . . . For at the very beginning of my teachings I gave you the account which I had myself received—that Christ died for our sins (as the Scriptures had foretold), and that he appeared to Kephas, and then to the Twelve. After that, he appeared to more than five hundred of our Brothers at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have gone to their rest. After that, he appeared to James, and then to all the Apostles. Last of all, he appeared even to me, who am, as it were, the abortion."

This very frank statement of Paul has laid practically at the foundation of the evolution of the Christian Church through all times.

One of the Gospel writers tells of the women going to the tomb and finding there a young man clothed in white. In another account they find two young men, one at the head and the other at the foot of the place where Jesus lay, and the women hurry away in a panic. John says the women turned round and found Jesus standing there and they spoke to Him. Some say he was first seen after the crucifixion, way off in Galilee, almost a hundred miles from the place of entombment. Others tell of his falling in with the disciples on their way to the little suburban town of Emmaus. These and other discrepancies will be found in a comparison of the accounts and will show how loose the record is.

If we desire to believe in the authority of the writing, it will distress us, but the student of this as a human document will see in it an illustration of a psychic law, the psychological necessity of the human mind. E. C. Brewer has compiled an interesting Dictionary of Miracles, gathered from all sections of the world, in which are about ten pages, closely printed double columns of resurrections. The mythology of Greece, Rome, Egypt and Babylon is full of resurrections as it is of miraculous births. All showing how easy it is for the human soul to yield first to the fancy, then to believe in such reappearances.

Dr. Lester emphasizes the fact that this belief in bodily resurrection is a concession to the materialistic side of the human soul that finds it difficult to think of a soul disembodied, so clings to it by getting it back into the old body. Dr. Lester gives a number of illustrations of other resurrections and the fullest antecedents are found in Apocryphal literature. The Old Testament record is very meager in its allusion to or faith in the future life, but during the two hundred and fifty or three hundred years subsequent to the closing of the Canon, from Malachi to the time of Jesus, Jewish thought flowered into immortality, bloomed into angels and revelled in the thought of superhuman beings. When Jesus began to attract attention he was said to be Elijah. Even Herod was afraid he was John the Baptist, come to life again.

The theory that Jesus brought immortality to light is the unfounded assumption of the dogmatist. Egypt four thousand years off was so burdened with the thought of immortality that it was smothered by it, as is evidenced by the pyramids built by tyrants who wanted to be on hand when the hour of resurrection came. Egypt's life was literally crushed by the expression of immortality as enforced by her priests and pharaohs, who, at one time, probably stood in the same pair of shoes.

The growth in the belief of the resurrection of Jesus was not primarily a demand of the soul as artificial evidence of immortality, but it was the exaltation of Jesus out of humanity. Paul put him out of reach but kept him in sight, the creeds put him out of sight. Paul built his whole scheme on unrealities that did not stand the test. He built his splendid missionary column on the two foundations, the translation of Christ after death and a second appearing that was imminent. If you are inclined to inquire into the subtleties of psychology, the resurrection is a conundrum; if you are a crass denier of all such things as hallucinations, you can dismiss it with a stroke of the pen. The return of a body we know to be perishable is not very satisfactory evidence of the imperishability of the spirit. Let our hopes of

immortality be based on scientific and spiritual laws of the universe rather than spasmodic manifestations of the supernatural.

The incurious attitude of mind regarding the beyond testifies spirituality and not doubt. The prelude is so sweet, so suggestive of limitlessness, that we are warranted in the hope and faith that the sequel will be something worthy of it. The permanence that ever lies back of change, that substance is ever postulated by the fleeting and changing forms, gives us a larger grasp on perpetuity than any hope based on a personal experience or even on evidence that one life came back to this world and resumed the environment of the flesh. I regret the disposition to dismiss as infidel and unbelieving the attitude of those who, looking at the record from the standpoint of such as Dr. Lester and Prof. Schmidt, come to the conclusion that the New Testament resurrection falls easily into the large literature that belongs to or has grown out of the believing and loving but uncultured heart of humanity and is largely in that shape yet.

The very normal hunger of the human heart in its ignorance, which sends it to dark room seances, apparently brings gratifying results, but they do not stand the long test of time. In "Sludge, the Medium," Robert Browning has given a psychological study of the spirit experience. Only a Browning can deal with psychological problems and make them psychic and not physical.

Let us dread the pitfall of dogma, the dogma that establishes a boundary on the margin of one's own little convictions and judgment. I believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the legitimate son of Joseph the carpenter and Mary the carpenter's wife. I believe he was of the race of Israel, endowed by inheritance with spiritual conceptions that were monotheistic; that he came in the line of the best authenticated and highest revealed line of prophets in history, a spiritual child not of King Solomon, or King David, but of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micah, and with a large inheritance from the impersonal writings of the Psalms. He was an unconscious successor to the writer of Job, who grappled with the great problems of life. He came into a time that was intensely alive to the problems of religion and he bloomed into marvelous clearness of vision, simplicity of spirit and, finally, died a martyr's death to truth because he testified to a religion and religious conception the times were not ready for. If you can separate Pike's Peak from the range of the Rockies then you can differentiate Jesus from his next of kin. I can see pretty clearly the lower branches on this spiritual tree, can climb a way on it, can catch sight of branches above me, but it reaches out in the mist, and I cannot say that Jesus is the last word in the spiritual manifestation.

Historic "Christianity" has failed to teach the fundamental brotherhood of man. Christianity as *another* world religion is perhaps at the beginning of the end, but Christianity as a *this* world religion, as an application of the ethics of Jesus is coming surely. Christianity is a composite, one root Persian and Grecian philosophy, another Roman law and Roman organization, Pagan, Teutonic and Scandinavian inheritance got into Protestant Christianity. Perhaps the dictionary will one day define Christianity as the embodiment of all of them. Meanwhile let us make our teachings non-dogmatic, appreciative and sympathetic and in league with the whole round world.

Alfred Noyes, J. Vila Blake and James H. West

Why should we not know how good contemporary poetry is without waiting for some future time? We may be sure that the flower is pretty and smells sweet.. We may be sure that the poems have movement, melody, and meaning, and that the poet is a man of large nature, if these qualities exist.

I am led to write this after reading some of the poems of Alfred Noyes, who, though yet a young man is well known in England, and should be better known in America.

Alfred Noyes has, as Dr. Jones said, climbed high the Mount of Vision, and "realizes that red blood courses in the veins of Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Turks, as well as Englishmen."

It is said sometimes that the age creates the poet, and at others, the poet creates the age. Both contentions are true; the great artist is the mouth-piece of his environment, that is, receives his materials, moral, intellectual, religious, but he stamps upon them the might of his own personality. He does not create the waters, but he does determine the channel in which these waters of influence shall flow.

But he should not sink the poet in the preacher, for all true poetry, like all true art, is moral, is religious, is educational; or, in other words, if poetry, if art, is *beautiful,* it will be moral, intellectual and educational. If poetry, if art mean beauty it will be immortal!

I do not say the poem is not greatened by the great thought it may embody, but that its *beauty* is its divinest, its immortal quality.

Now I recognize the genius of Alfred Noyes, the beauty of his poems; I make no comparison, I only say we have two poets, James Vila Blake and James H. West, whose words are seen betimes in UNITY, whose poems mean beauty, whose munificence, whose melody, whose message ought to be known to all our American people. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

DRAG THE ROADS.

When the smiles of spring appear,
Drag the roads;
When the summer time is here,
Drag the roads;
When the corn is in the ear,
In the winter cold and drear,
Every season of the year,
Drag the roads.

When you've nothing else to do,
Drag the roads;
If but for an hour or two
Drag the roads;
It will keep them good as new,
With a purpose firm and true,
Fall in line; it's up to you—
Drag the roads.

—The Kansas Industrialist.

Reprinted from the "Illinois Farmer" for the benefit of preachers.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely.

MON.—The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is guaged and stamped.

TUES.—If you act, you show character; if you sit still, if you sleep, you show it.

WED.—A man passes for what he is worth.

THURS.—One piece of the tree is cut for a weathercock and one for the sleeper of a bridge; the virtue of the wood is apparent in both.

FRI.—Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so.

SAT.—That which we do not believe we cannot adequately say.

—Emerson.

WHEN I WAS LITTLE

When I was little, if a cloud
Came on my mother's brow,
I could not run away and play.
I sorrowed, too, for how
Could one be happy when she grieved,
Or laugh, she wept the while.
Does not the child's whole world of joy
Lie in the mother's smile?

So I would hang about, in mute
Alarm at cheeks so pale,
Until she asked, "What, Dollie dear?"
(Ah, mothers never fail!)
And then, scarce knowing how to put
In words the fear that clung,
I'd say, "Sing, Mother, sing." Was she
Not happy when she sung?

Only in dreams I hear it now,
Sweet voice that used to rise,
Singing to still the anxious heart,
And troubled childish eyes.
Oh, Mother mine! Oh, Mother mine!
The child thought you were glad.
Oh, do you know that she has learned
You sang when you were sad?

—Elizabeth West Parker.

Seeing Mother

A lady was once riding in her carriage among the mountains when she came upon an old woman, with a funny hood upon her head and a staff in her hand, walking on all alone. She was neat and clean and her skin was soft and delicate, but her back was bent and she was barefoot.

The lady saw that she was shoeless and stopped the carriage. "Here is some money," said the lady, in a tender tone.

"What for?" said the woman, looking up pleasantly.

"To buy a pair of shoes for your poor feet. Do you not want a pair of shoes?"

The woman laughed a little low laugh which seemed to come from a heart filled with simple, happy thoughts.

"Don't you want a pair of shoes?" asked the lady.

"I s'pose I do," said the woman, "but I didn't think of anybody's givin' 'em to me."

"Take this bill, please, and buy you a pair," said the lady.

"God bless and reward you!" answered the old lady heartily.

The carriage drove on and the lady sank back on the seat with tears in her eyes. "Oh!" said she, "I thought I saw my own mother in that dear old lady. She had just such a sweet face and pleasant voice. You don't know how I felt when I thought of my mother, old and feeble, walking with bare feet over this rough, rocky road!"

If we all saw our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, in the poor, the cold, the hungry, what a world this would soon be!

Child's World.

Strange Food

The nests, which furnish the material for that celebrated delicacy of Chinese culinary art, bird's nest soup, are not the every-day affair of twigs, grass, leaves, etc., which we commonly associate with the name, but they are very remarkable and unique productions in the bird building line. The birds who make them are the two varieties of esculent swallows inhabiting the Sunda islands, Ceylon, Borneo, and Java.

They build close to the sides of cavernous cliffs, much after the fashion of the common swallow and her mud habitation. The nests are composed entirely of a sticky juid secreted by two glands under the bird's tongue. These glands become greatly distended at the approach of building time, and give out their peculiar fluid upon the slightest pressure. The tongue acts like the spinnerets of the spider, and the feathered builder pressing this member against the rock which serves as a support, backs away a few paces and draws out a long, gummy thread, which dries and hardens rapidly. This she forms into a sort of web by turning her head from side to side, thus making the undulating lines that appear in these curious structures. The nest, when completed, resembles in shape and size a hen's egg quartered lengthwise.

The gathering of these nests is a regular industry, but also one of great difficulty and danger. The men undertaking it usually dwell in one of the caves. Their method of work is to fix a rattan ladder to the end of a long pole and wedge it against the rock. Two men then climb the ladder, one carrying a four-pronged spear with a lighted candle fixed a few inches below the prongs. By the light of this candle a suitable nest is selected, and transfixed with the prongs. A slight twist then detaches it unbroken from the rock. The spear is now withdrawn until its head is within reach of the second man, who deftly removes the nest from the prong point and drops it into a pouch tied about his waist. The nests of best quality are bound in packages with strips of rattan while those of inferior grade are simply strung together. Many caves in the north of Borneo have been worked for generations without any apparent diminution in their yield. Three crops are taken in a year.

The Chinese, who are the only ones who use these nests for food, but the whole supply, perhaps about twenty-five tons annually, at prices ranging from five to thirty-five dollars per pound.

Birds and Nature. *Louise Jamison.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James. H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

Married

at the

Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago

Wednesday, June 23, 1915

Edith Lackersteen

and

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

The Rev. Celia Parker Woolley officiating

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

An important meeting of members and friends of the National Federation of Religious Liberals was held on the 20th of May at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. The object of the meeting was to more thoroughly consider the aims and possibilities of this organization, which for eight years past has been more or less active in the endeavor to unite for constructive liberal religious work the representatives of various liberal denominations and fellowships throughout the country. It has held five congresses in Philadelphia, New York and Rochester, and in other ways endeavored to serve the liberal congregations of the United States and to become their interdenominational opportunity.

There were present at the meeting ten gentlemen, representing five different liberal associations, President Jesse H. Holmes and the editor of the *Friends Intelligencer*, who represented the Liberal Friends; Rev. Frank O. Hall, D.D., of New York City, and Dr. J. Clarence Lee, representing the Universalist body; Prof. Morris Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Mr. George O'Dell, representing the American Ethical Union; Rabbis Berkowitz and Krauskopf of the Reform Jewish congregations; and Rev. C. E. St. John and Rev. C. W. Wendte, who were delegated by the Unitarian body. Letters expressing interest and promising co-operation were also received from prominent members of the liberal German Evangelical Churches of America, the Free Religious Association of America, from Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of the Congress of Religion, and from Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer of the Meadville Theological School, who made particularly valuable suggestions. The meeting proved a most harmonious one. New Articles of Organization were drawn up, providing that hereafter in addition to the individual memberships which thus far have made up the constituency of the Federation, there should be official representatives appointed by various liberal denominations and bodies in sympathy with the purposes of the society and desiring to co-operate in it, each to be represented in its Central Council by two official delegates in addition to the members chosen from the Federation itself. A committee was appointed to put itself into communication with the various religious and ethical bodies referred to, and to invite their official participation hereafter in the work of the society. Plans were outlined for a greater usefulness for the Federation in the future. Among other things a special meeting is to be held on the 29th of August in Oakland, Cal., with three sessions. A number of prominent liberals throughout the country have promised their co-operation in this meeting.

The report of the Philadelphia Congress of Religious Liberals, recently held under the auspices of the Federation in that city, has been published and may be obtained by application to the secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, D.D., 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

A WONDERFUL PRESERVER OF WILD ANIMALS

In the Interesting People department of the June *American Magazine* appears an account of Carl E. Akeley, who has developed taxidermy from mere skin-stuffing into an art. He brought to this formerly prosaic work imagination and a desire for perfection, and the splendid realism of his work is the result of his experiences as explorer, naturalist, scenic artist and sculptor. He is connected with the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Following is an extract from the article about him:

"Taxidermy was no more than skin stuffing and animal upholstering when Carl Akeley, with a farmer boy's love of birds and bugs and animals, hove into Rochester from Orleans County, New York, and sought a place in ap prenticeship to Old Man Ward, father of American taxidermists, owner and treasurer of the business house that did most of the stuffing and upholstering for American museums—Ward's Establishment. The apprentice went to work at fifty cents a day, stuffing and upholstering, pleading for perfection and permanence; at last—'a taxidermist with an idea'—striking off to Milwaukee to work alone; at last going over to the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago.

"In the Field Museum, by striving with his idea out of work hours, he mounted a group of deer,—the famous Fall Group in the Field Museum, and mounted a single deer, which he sent the American Museum,—mounted them the Akeley way.

"One can distinguish those deer now; they are Akeley deer, real deer, about to stir in their woods, so real that one anticipates the flexures of their muscles, feels their very veins rising beneath the skin. One can distinguish an Akeley elephant, too, whether in bronze or in taxidermy: a big tusker, for instance, coming down the line, breath bellowing, ears flapping, trunk slashing on high.

"Experts say the Akeley way is the way that gives reality,—'truth,' the artists call it,—and curators say it is the way that gives permanence; and without hope of permanence no artist will strive to give his uttermost. The Akeley way is the revolutionary way with new precepts, new ideals, that is evolving sculpture from taxidermy. It is making of the taxidermist, heretofore the stuffer and upholsterer, a new composite—one that will attract many an artist—of explorer, naturalist, scenic artist, and sculptor."

BRET HARTE'S ADVICE TO WRITERS

In the Interesting People department of the June *American Magazine* appears an article about Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin who, at seventy-six years of age, still does active work on a morning newspaper. She has seen all the thrilling times of western frontier life and in the old days was associated with Bret Harte and other famous argonauts. She is now working on a morning paper in Santa Cruz, Cal. Of her early experiences and her relations with Bret Harte the following extract from the article about her relates in part as follows:

"There was a time when the name of Josephine Clifford McCrackin was well known to all readers of current literature both here and abroad. Her first story, 'Down Among the Dead Letters,' appeared in the *Overland Monthly* for December, 1869, and the magazine's noted editor, Bret Harte, liked it so much that he urged her to write more,

and finally made her one of his associate editors. It is of the years she spent in the busy office on Clay Street, San Francisco, with Harte on the editorial tripod, and a host of illustrious folk always dropping in, that Mrs. McCrackin loves best to talk.

"'I like to remember those old days of intimate association with one of the greatest story-tellers America has ever produced,' Mrs. McCrackin said reminiscently. "Soon after I determined to make writing my profession, my mother came to me and said very solemnly:

"'"Josephine, you must ask Mr. Harte what books you should read to acquire a perfect style.'

"'Accordingly I ventured into the editorial sanctum and said as solemnly as my mother had done:

"'Mr. Harte, what books shall I read to acquire a perfect style?'

"'"Oh, lord!' he groaned, swinging around in his chair, 'for pity's sake, don't read anything! Just write! Write! Write!'

"'Our chief was a person of decided prejudices, and not infrequently he allowed them to enter into his judgment of a story. His particular spite was directed against big words. One day I came across differentiate in a story, and for the moment the meaning of the word escaped me.

"'Mr. Harte, what does differentiate mean?' I inquired.

"'"Oh, it's just a long-winded way of saying different, or differ—throw that thing aside, we can't use it!' was his impatient reply.

"'For some time I lived in the same house with Mr. Harte and his family, and so had an opportunity to see a good deal of him outside the office. He was a genius, there is no question about that; but, like many another genius, he sorely needed a guiding hand; and that a perverse faith denied him.'"

Phone Douglas 3882 Established 1873

Wm. Wilson

Dealer in

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Glazing Tools, Cutlery and Hardware

We Give National Mileage Coupons with All Cash Purchases

3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue :-: Chicago

R. Franz

Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats

Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season

Telephone, Douglas 7014

732-734 East 39th Street - Chicago

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE LIBERAL MINISTRY

Including special courses to meet the growing demand for **Parish Assistants**, Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including **two summer sessions at The University of Chicago.** Traveling fellowship yielding $810. **Religious education and social service institutes during the summer quarter** open to special students with scholarship aid.

Apply to F. C. Southworth, President

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

Meadville, Pennsylvania.

FONGER'S

Sanitary Bakery

Special Orders

Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. **Phone, Douglas 5962**

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

A New Customer

FOR

Ira J. Mix Dairy Company

361 East 30th Street

Phone, Douglas 515-516

MEANS

You receive $1.00 provided customer deals with us 60 days; if goods and service are satisfactory, we shall expect the customer to continue longer.

Customer's Name _____

Address _____

Sender's Name _____

Address _____

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns
and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES
AND MEATS

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

WAR! What Is It All About?

HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Servia?

Tear aside the curtain of Europe's politics and see the grim and sinister game of chess that is being played. See upon what a slim, yet desperate, excuse the sacred lives of millions may be sacrificed. Read the history of the past one hundred years, as written by one of the greatest authorities the world has ever known, and learn the naked, shameful truth. Just to get you started as a Review of Reviews subscriber, we make you this extraordinary offer. We will give to you

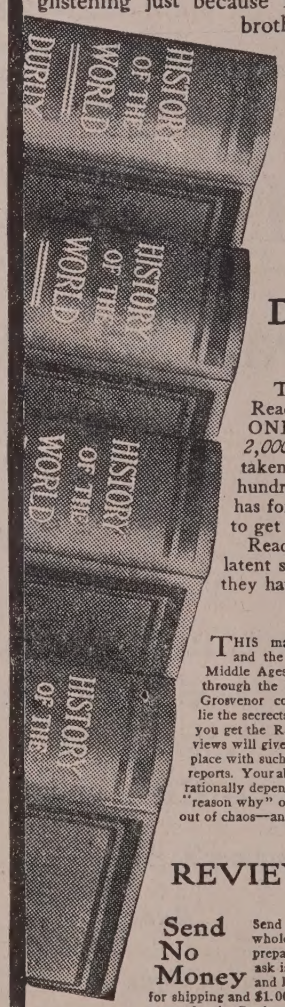
FREE!

Duruy's History of the World

Four splendid cloth volumes, full of portraits, sketches, maps, diagrams

Today is the climax of a hundred years of preparation. Read in this timely, authoritative, complete, AND THE ONLY CONDENSED classic world history—of which *over 2,000,000 copies have been sold in France alone*—just what has taken place in the inner councils of Europe during the past one hundred years. Read in these entrancing pages how Russia has for years craftily been trying to escape from her darkness—to get a year-round open port, with its economic freedom.

Read how Germany and Austria, fearful of the monster's latent strength, have been trying to checkmate her and how they have pinned all in this last, supreme stake.



The Lesson of the Past

THIS master of the pen shows you the glory that was Greece's and the grandeur that was Rome's. He guides you through the Middle Ages, the picturesque old days of feudalism and the crusades; through the Renaissance up to contemporaneous history, which Prof. Grosvenor completes in brilliant manner. In the story of the past lie the secrets of today. And you will understand them better when you get the Review of Reviews for a year—for the Review of Reviews will give you a sane interpretation of the events that are taking place with such rapidity. It is not enough to read the daily news reports. Your ability to comprehend conditions, and to discuss them rationally depends on a true interpretation of the meaning and the "reason why" of events. In your mind you must bring order out of chaos—and the Review of Reviews will do it for you.

Get the REVIEW of REVIEWS for a Year

Send No Money

Send the coupon only. It brings the whole set—four volumes—charges prepaid—absolutely free. All we ask is that—after you get the books and like them—you send 25 cents for shipping and $1.00 a month for three months to pay for the Review of Reviews. If the books aren't worth more than you pay for books and magazine together, send them back at our expense. But be prompt. The world-wide fame of Duruy will make these 5,000 sets disappear from our stock room at once. Send your coupon today—and be in time.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Pl., N.Y.

Review of Reviews, 30 Irving Pl., New York:

Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, Duruy's History of the World in 4 volumes bound in cloth. Also enter my name for the Review of Reviews for one year. If I keep the books, I will remit in 10 days 25 cents for shipping and $1 per month for three months for the magazine and retain the History of the World without charge. Otherwise, I will, within 10 days, return the books at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

For cash with order send only $3.00 and we will pay shipping charges.

The beautiful ¾ leather set costs only a few cents more. For a set of this luxurious binding, change 3 months above to 5 months, or send $5.00 cash in full.